THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 31, 1806.

## *A* SIMPLE TALE *of* LOVE.

*(Continued from Page 228.)*

" Oh happy love! where love like this is found!
Oh heartfelt raptures! Bliss beyond compare!
I've journey'd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
" If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
' One cordial in this melancholy vale,
' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
' In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale
' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."
BURNS.

AT the conclusion of Henry's narration Maria in vain endeavoured to conceal a tear, that stealing from her azure eye fell on her bosom, like the dew of heaven on the fragrant lily of the vale. He would have kissed away the sparkling pledge of her sympathy, but modest fear restrained the soft impulse of his dawning passion. After a short pause, Maria thus addressed him. " Believe me, Sir, I most cordially pity your misfortunes; but I rather wonder at your continuing to shun society, since your property is so easily to be regained. Is it not, think you, a Christian duty incumbent on you, to return to the world, and by a prudent and charitable disposal of the superfluities of your wealth to alleviate the distresses of the indigent. Surely man was never ordained to waste his moments in such a monastic seclusion as your's, when his precepts and example might be of essential service to the cause of virtue, and assist in destroying the idols which the votaries of fashion and folly impiously adore. Talents like your's, Sir, should not be

buried in obscurity. The rose and the violet, that merely charm the senses of vision and smell, might be permitted to bloom in the unfrequented wilderness; but surely those valuable herbs, whose medicinal qualities are of great utility in the restoration of health, should not be planted by the hand of Providence in vain." She waited his answer, and Henry thus began: "When first, Madam, I entered this solitude, my heart was the seat of the deepest distress; 'till by a right use of the faculties of reason, assisted by the light of religion, I compleatly triumphed over my dejection. The idea of returning to the world was insufferable; indeed, what pleasures could I hope to meet with there? Had not I broken an affectionate father's heart, and destroyed the dearest friend and companion of my youth? with arguments like these, I have hitherto fortified my resolution of living in retirement; nor was that resolution ever shaken 'till the present moment. *Now*, Madam, I again feel the desire of re-uniting myself to society; and if Heaven favours my intentions I shall soon possess the property, so long and unjustly withheld from me." Maria heard his declaration with pleasure, and was quite flattered at the apparently good effects of her arguments; when Henry thus continued: "To a mind so ingenuous as your's, Madam, duplicity and insincerity must be disgusting; pardon me, therefore, if in explaining the reason of this sudden change of sentiment, I should be guilty of presumption. Beauty alone, unsupported by the charms of virtue and good sense, may dazzle the eye for a short period, and awaken a transient admiration; but when the external and internal graces fortunately meet in one person, the impression they make is not so easily forgotten. In *you* (Oh pardon the confession), in you, Maria, I have perceived too many charms, to resist the natural impulse they occasion. The powers of love have now, for the first time, taken possession of my heart, and banished the lethargic indifference that so long becalmed it. Oh! could I be permitted to hope that I should ever be blessed with a return of my passion, I would readily restore myself to the busy scenes of society, and humble the wretch that triumphs in my misfortunes." Poor Maria! what were her sensations during this confession! a thousand blushes suffused her beauteous cheek, nor could she summon sufficient resolution to make a reply. She knew that she loved him, but modesty for a while froze the genial current of her soul. She durst not speak. Again Henry repeated the question: "May I, most charming Maria, may I venture to hope?" She gave him her hand, and with an evident air of timidity and embarrassment, thus addressed him. "Really, Sir, this sudden and unexpected turn to your conversation, has perfectly discomposed me; but from the high opinion I entertain of your honour and integrity, I will not hesitate to answer you with candour; unsophisticated by the artful

ful prudery of those of my sex, who have been initiated in the wiles of fashionable life, I fear I am too much the pupil of nature to attend always to the dictates of strict prudence. My education has been confined to the vale of Seldon, where every heart appears innocent, and every tongue sincere. Falsehood, I have been taught to despise, as an ignoble artifice; and let this instance of my sincerity prove my detestation of it. To your worth, Sir, I am not blind, and would therefore cherish your hopes, and cultivate your affection. But, alas! the path to happiness appears so choaked by thorns, that I see no chance of bursting their impenetrable barrier. Remember my *mother!!*" Henry was lost in an ecstacy of joy at his wonderful success, and pressing her to his bosom, swore no earthly power should obstruct his pursuit. After some other conversation, he conducted her to the vale, where they again reluctantly parted, after promising to renew their visit to the clift on the morrow.

( 1 )

Affection, like Henry's, descends from above,
'Tis a drop from the soul-cheering cordial of bliss;
But remember, ye nymphs, when you first hear of love,
Few hearts are endowed with a passion like his.

( 2 )

When Edwin to Ellen his rapture confess'd,
He swore that he lov'd—and she fondly believ'd;
But short was the transport that reign'd in her breast,
For Edwin was perjur'd, and Ellen deceiv'd.

( 3 )

Wealth tempted the false one to fly from her arms;
(Oh! how does the splendour of folly prevail!)
Whilst Ellen, a prey to a thousand alarms,
Soon droop'd like the rose that is nipt by the gale.

( 4 )

But think not, base Edwin, she broods o'er her woes;
She long has forgotten thy loss to deplore;
Her blue eyes are seal'd in eternal repose,
And the tear of despair shall bedew them no more.

*(To be continued.)*

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*Memorable Saying of an Illustrious Woman.*

PLUTARCH concludes his beautiful chapter on love with a high panegyric on the conjugal affection, and the astonish-

ing greatness of soul, displayed by a lady named Epponina. He himself was a witness to the fact, which took place during his residence in the palace of Vespasian.

The heroine, whom this elegant writer so justly extols, having heard that her husband Sabinus, conquered by the emperor's troops, had hid himself in a deep cavern between Franche-Comte and Champagne, found out his place of concealment and shut herself up with him. There she waited upon him for several years, procured him provisions, and had some children by him. Being at length taken with her husband, and presented to Vespasian, who was astonished at her courage, she said to him, "I have lived more happily under ground, and in darkness, than thou dost in the light of the sun, and at the summit of power."

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## *A Visit to the Victory Man of War, of 100 Guns, and the Sandwich Prison Ship, lying at Gillingham-Reach, near Chatham.*

### In a Letter to a Friend.

Dear Sir,

ACCOMPANIED by three gentlemen and an old pupil, I passed the whole of the morning of Tuesday, January 7, 1806, in visiting the Victory, lying in the river Medway, about four miles below Chatham; it is frequented daily by hundreds from various parts of the country. Many of the visitors come from the metropolis, and even some, it is said, from Scotland. It is certainly an object of curiosity, not only as the scene of Lord Nelson's last moments, but as the leading ship in the late renowned naval triumph over the combined enemies of Great Britain.

Upon reaching the Victory in our little skiff, the effect of contrast was sensibly felt. We were astonished at its immense bulk, which, joined to its length, with four tiers of guns, including its stern, constituted a spectacle which could not fail of exciting emotions of dreadful admiration! We, however, saw it to a disadvantage, the rigging having been taken down, and the guns removed, but it was easy to imagine what a tremendous appearance it must make in its complete form, and how stately must have been its course on the trackless surface of the ocean! Its sides were evidently perforated through and through, but as some of the holes had been covered with pieces of sheet-lead, it had not that battered appearance which might have been expected. We clambered up the side by means of two ropes, covered with green baize, but its height was such, that it required some

some effort before the ascent was completed. There were not any other means of getting aboard, and without continuing a firm grasp of the ropes, down we must have fallen into the rolling tide, and were likely to disappear for ever! Seamen will smile at these trifling dangers, but to landsmen they present many a serious difficulty.

We were on board the Victory upwards of an hour, and having been introduced to the officers, we found them very polite and attentive; indeed they shewed us every thing worth inspection. The masts, or rather what remained of them, were the first objects to which our attention was directed. The mizen one had been carried away in the action, and a jury mast was placed in its stead. The main mast was thickly marked with musket shot, and the foremast was in a most shattered condition, being splintered from top to bottom with cannon balls, for the French it is said, always aim at the rigging, the damaging of which is, in their opinion, the most serious injury. Besides, in the present case it must be remembered, that Lord Nelson bearing down directly on the enemy without firing a gun, the fore part of the ship sustained a dreadful cannonading, which were it a common vessel, must have sent it to the bottom of the ocean! About this time also, it was that a cannon ball entering the fore part of the ship flew its whole length, carrying off in its career thirty of the marines—thus sweeping the deck as if it were the besom of destruction! War, horrid war! what can be more shocking to the thoughtful mind, what more agonizing to the feeling heart!

We were told that, on the morning of the battle, the officers were very pensive and thoughtful, no doubt meditating on the work of death, which was that day to be accomplished. Some of them however there were who seemed to be in more than ordinary spirits, and it was remarked that these very individuals were taken off in the course of the action! So little do we know of the good or evil that is before us; so utterly ignorant are we, of what lies concealed in the womb of futurity!—The moment any man is killed, he is flung over board; and one dreadful indication of the slaughter of the day was, that of an officer having his head struck off his shoulders in a moment, when a few minutes before he had been seen busily employed in picking up the scattered remains of a brother officer, and committing them to the bosom of the deep! Indeed, the instances of sudden destruction during the action, must have been very great—these joined with the groans of the wounded and the dying—added to the continued roar of cannon and the tumultuous dashing of the waves—form such a picture on the imagination, that must overwhelm us with a profound and silent astonishment.

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Having examined the exterior part of the Victory, we were shown the spot on which Lord Nelson stood, when the fatal ball struck him—he was in the act of turning round towards the enemy's ship, and giving directions respecting that work of destruction, in which they were all at that time dreadfully engaged! We went down to the cock-pit below water, whither he was immediately carried, and saw the board on which he was stretched along, and died! The only light they had was half a dozen lanterns, and around him were the wounded and the dying, whilst in front stood a table on which those were laid across whose mangled limbs required instant amputation! Here the hero breathed his last—enquiring at short intervals how many of the ships of the enemy had struck, and then respiring with difficulty for a few moments, died without a groan:

"In death how glorious to the victor's eyes,
The captur'd fleets in grand succession rise!
Iberia bending from her iron coast,
Shrieks to behold her floating bulwarks lost,
And vanquished Gaul, stern ocean's late delight,
Invokes the tempest to protect her flight!"

TRESHAM.

Next day the body was opened; the ball after considerable search was found lodged near the vertebræ of the back, having penetrated the shoulder, above the four stars which he wore on the occasion, passed through the left lobe of the lungs, broke three ribs, and filled the cavity with blood! The bowels and heart were afterwards taken out, but the latter was put back again into its former station. The body was wrapt round with callico bandages, as were also the limbs; a shirt being flung over the whole, and the face veiled, it was placed in a puncheon of rum. It was afterwards taken out and put into a second puncheon of rum, the head leaning on the breast, and the limbs gently folded together. When finally placed in a shell, the head was swollen and the features altered, and it was thought that it would require some time before the spirits would be absorbed, and the countenance would recover its usual appearance. When we thus trace the process of preserving the mortal frame of so celebrated a personage, we cannot help reflecting on the nature of that wonderful intellectual principle by which it had been once animated! What is it that constituted its essence, and whither is it now fled? These are interrogatives which baffle human research—these are secrets not to be disclosed to the ever-restless curiosity of man—No; he is laid in the dark and silent grave, and there we leave him. His grateful countrymen have bestowed on his remains a profusion of honours, not to be paralleled in the annals of our country.

We passed some time in the cabin of Lord Nelson, where we saw various packages numbered and marked with his name. We particularly observed a sofa, pictures, &c. with which the apartment had been furnished and embellished. The hammock on which he lay was carefully packed up, and the secluded spot was pointed out to us where it had swung, and in which the hero who has now slept the sleep of death, had reposed for many an hour amidst the toils and perplexities of his station. The little table fixed to the side of the ship still remained, where he passed great part of his time in writing, having at his elbow a portable compass, by which the course of the ship was ascertained. His small book-case had a hole in the back of it, made by a cannon ball during the action, by which the glass door was broken, and some of the books scattered on the floor! There were many other indications of the havoc, which had been effected on the late memorable occasion.

On our return to the main deck of the ship, we were politely offered some rum, and tasting it, we found it to be exceedingly good. Upon expressing our favourable opinion of its quality, it was instantly remarked by the officer—"We are glad you like it, Sir—it is the same sort as that in which the body of Lord Nelson was preserved!" So that you perceive that every thing that has the remotest reference to the departed hero, is held in veneration. Even a lock of his hair preserved in a breast pin was shewn us as a precious relic—it was of a pale grey—though probably the powder which he wore had contributed to the appearance it now assumed. He seems to have been beloved and esteemed by the officers and men; for during our short stay on board the Victory, several expressions accidentally reached our ears, honourable to his memory. Expressing to one of the officers my regret for his having worn his insignia during the action, and by which he was singled out as the victim of death—it was replied, that wearing them on ordinary occasions, had he then laid them aside, it would have indicated fear, and this being a contagious passion, might have produced the most pernicious effects on the ship's company. Taking therefore this trait of conduct which has been the subject of censure in this point of view, he made an honourable, but fatal sacrifice in behalf of his country.

In descending the side of the Victory, we found some difficulty on account of the numbers who, crowding around with their boats, were waiting to ascend for a similar gratification of their curiosity. Having seated ourselves in our little skiff, we ordered the boatman to row us to the Sandwich, about a mile distant; it was the ship on board of which Richard Parker was executed for the mutiny at the Nore, which threw the whole nation into alarm and confusion. It had been the theatre of his crime, and was made the scene of his punish..... It is now

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a prison-ship, and contains upwards of 800 of the prisoners taken at the battle of Trafalgar! Ascending with great ease an accommodation ladder, we were admitted on board, and received with politeness by the commanding officer. We saw near half the prisoners, who were just got upon deck for an airing, but we were not permitted to speak to them. We looked down upon them from an elevation, so that the poor creatures had all the appearance of so many cattle or sheep in a pen, and were so thick that they could scarcely move! Never before, surely, were so many grotesque figures huddled together on any occasion. They were chiefly French, some Dutch, a few Spaniards, several Moors black as jet; others had the appearance of Jews, and there were two or three Egyptians, said to be Mamelukes, brought by Bonaparte himself from Egypt! When leaning over the railing, I was ready to exclaim in the language of Blair's Grave,

> "'Tis here all meet!
> Men of all climes, that never met before
> And of all creeds—the Jew, the Turk, the Christian!"

Their sun-burnt features, and strange harlequin dresses, also formed a curious spectacle! They all, however, looked healthy, seemed chearful, and even merry; for the French possess the enviable art of beguiling the sorrows of captivity.

We happened to be there just when the principal meal was delivered out to them; they crowded towards a trap-door which had been thrown open, whence they bore, in one hand, some pieces of warm boiled beef, stuck on a wooden skewer, with bread attached to it, whilst in the palm of the other hand, they had some salt given them, which scattering over their delicious morsel, they danced away with it to another part of the deck, where they devoured it with seeming pleasure and satisfaction. Perhaps it was as good a meal as ever they had eaten in their own country. We went below, and at the extremity of the ship saw through loop-holes between the decks. The prisoners were amusing themselves in various ways, their different births had the appearance of being clean and airy, and indeed it is evident that the commanding officer treats them with care and humanity.

There was one singular character whom we did not see; he has been lately very shy, and often withdraws himself from public view. We might have seen him, however, if we chose; but in a case like the present, we could not think of subjecting a fellow creature, thus degraded, to the eye of an impertinent curiosity. His name is Blackman: he professes himself a Frenchman, though suspicions are entertained of his being an Englishman. He has been extremely successful in privateering, and

for a length of time dreadfully annoyed the trade of this country. He has been the Paul Jones of the present war. He is said to be a man of considerable property, accumulated by his depredations on the ocean. It is even reported, that Bonaparte was present at the launching of his last privateer at Boulogne, and which was decorated by the colours of the very many vessels he had taken on former occasions.

We now again descended into our boat, and were soon put on shore, when, after a dirty walk, we reached home, pleased with the gratification of our curiosity.

I am, dear Sir,
Your's,
J. EVANS.

*Pullin's-Row, Islington, January* 13, 1806.

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*Description of the Present made by the Emperor Napoleon to the Princess of Hildburghausen, on her late Marriage to Paul, the second Son of the King of Wirtemberg.*

THE envelope in which it was packed up is of green velvet, with festoons of pure gold; it is in the form of a long antique vase; the knot of the cover is a gold ball, tranfixed with the arrow of Cupid, and the ball itself is encircled with a wreath of roses. The contents of this beautiful vase consisted of the following articles:

1. A chemise of English point, ornamented with a simple, but tasteful border; the train is of considerable length.
2. Another chemise of the same kind, of black point, with a border of the pattern called wolf's teeth.
3. A chemise, cut round, of white satin, with a border of bouquets, exquisitely embroidered in gold; above it a tunic of silver tulle, with gold fringe.
4. A white crape dress, very elegantly embroidered with white silk.
5. A second dress of white crape, bordered with bouquets of tulle, and a Mameluke mantle of rose-coloured satin, with the same kind of border, and besides embroidered with steel.
6. A morning chemise of East India muslin, embroidered with hortensia flowers.
7. A veil of English point, with a border in the form of wolf's teeth.
8. A round veil of tulle en vermichelle, worked with gold, and with a broad gold lace.
9. A piece of East-India muslin, embroidered with silver.

This velvet vase was accompanied with two boxes, one of which contained three turbans, embroidered with silver, steel, and gold, and decorated with heron's feathers, and aigrettes, and three caps, embellished with flowers. The second box contained artificial flowers of every kind, as beautiful in shape and colour as nature itself. There was likewise a net garland of uncommonly pleasing shape and appearance. The value of the whole is estimated by connoisseurs, at about 70,000 guilders.

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## *Some* ACCOUNT *of the late* JAMES BARRY, R. A.

THE fine arts were deprived of this distinguished painter on Saturday, February 22. He died at the house of a friend, Mr. Bohami, in Titchfield-street. His death was occasioned by an apoplectic stroke.

Mr. Barry was born in the year 1738-9. His parents were settled at Cork, in Ireland. They intended to have educated him as a priest for the roman catholic church; but he discovered in very early youth an aversion to this plan of life, and an early bias towards that profession of which he became so distinguished an ornament.

About the age of twenty-six he came an adventurer to London, and was introduced to the celebrated Edmund Burke, whose patronage he secured from his strong indication of genius, and by being a countryman of that immortal orator. Burke introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, then Mr. Reynolds, who domesticated him in his family, and gave every encouragement to his promising talents. At the table of Reynolds, Barry much distinguished himself by a strong splash of original thought, and an uncommon fire and intrepidity of genius; for at no part of his life was it the custom of Barry to be very diffident of his abilities, or to under-rate himself in his art. His eccentricities, however, were so numerous, and his confidence so arrogant, that Burke and Reynolds, not only advised, but procured him the means of travelling, which they wisely judged would serve as well to amend those moral failings, as to supply him with more correct ideas of professional excellence; and thus, at once, both inform his judgment and improve his general character.

He visited Italy, we believe, about the year 1765. He was, not, however, much qualified for a student; his methods of study were capricious and irrational; his self-confidence led him to false measures of himself; his temper was not conformable to the instructions of masters and professors; he was indocile, hot-headed, and stubborn; his time in Italy was divided between slothfulness and quarrels with contemporary students, and what knowledge

knowledge he did acquire, and assuredly he brought back much, was by sudden snatches of industry, and occasional irruptions into the province of science, begun with ardour, and too soon checked by habitual indolence.

He returned in the year 1770 to England. We may not perhaps be exactly correct in our dates; nor is it of importance. The generous patronage of Burke and Reynolds was again held out to him; the former laboured most assiduously in his cause, and introduced him into a wide circle of friends. His first celebrated painting, after his return from Italy, was "Venus rising from the sea." It was this work that brought him into notice; and we do not give our opinion rashly, when we pronounce it to be his best. It was in the true taste of ancient simplicity; it was executed with a chastity which would have done honour to the schools of Greece; it had originality, strength, delicacy of pencil, and grace. It was conceived in a bold spirit of genius, and executed with the hand and industry of a master. Barry never afterwards excelled it; for though in some of his pieces there is the flash of a more sublime and perfect genius, and an execution of parts more manly and original, yet, as a whole composition, we do not hesitate to pronounce his "Venus rising from the sea" to be the best of his works.

The invention of this subject was not, however, purely his own; for, though in his manner of treating it, he became its legitimate father on the canvass, the original thought subsists in the representation of the Greek poet. Had Anacreon not described the subject, Barry would not have painted it. But this is no objection to the merit of the work; the painter has a right to avail himself of the poet. This is not that species of plagiary which robs him of the praise of invention.

He was now elected an academician; but for any situation that required a character that should possess some associating elements, and a disposition towards acting in concert, Barry was wholly unfit. He was of a turn of temper rebellious and uncontroulable; his notions of independence were those of a savage; he was fierce, proud, and overbearing, and detested all that the forms of the society, and the regulations of his own little platoon, required to be put over him.

At this time Sir Joshua Reynolds was president, and Barry, of whose genius both Burke and himself augured auspiciously, was appointed professor of painting upon the vacancy of Mr. Penny. In this situation he was, as usual, indolent, neglectful, and indisposed to all subordination and order: he was five years professor before he read a single lecture; the academy was disgusted: he bred a spirit of rebellion among the students, and was very near destroying the establishment. It was at length resolved to get rid of him by expulsion, and peace was once more restored to the society.

His general misconduct lost him the patronage of Sir Joshua and Mr. Burke, and poor Barry, with a discredit brought upon him by his want of prudence, was turned loose upon society to shift for himself.

It is not our intention to give, at this time, a regular account of his professional life. It has not much interest, though it it not without anecdote. We shall probably revert to this topic at another opportunity. We shall now only dwell upon those productions which have given him celebrity in his profession. The world has generally agreed that his master-pieces are the paintings which are exhibited at the society for the encouragement of arts and manufactures. The origin of these works is said to have been produced by a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, in the times of their intimacy, proposed that Barry should employ his pencil to adorn the walls of St. Paul's cathedral. To this there was an objection, from a suspicion in the minds of some people of great purity of conscience, and delicacy in every thing that related to religion, that the proposed paintings would accord ill with that simplicity and rejection of exterior ornament which the protestant church required. Barry, whether convinced or not by the arguments, was obliged to drop his intention, and accordingly he undertook to paint for the society of arts in the Adelphi the celebrated pictures exhibiting the "progress of civilization."

These paintings are certainly the indications of a very strong and original genius. There is something very bold and sublime in the conception, and the strong and manly parts are finished with much art and industry. They are, indeed, occasionally depraved by a kind of eccentricity, a sort of tortuosity of mind, which infected his whole character; his greatness is not without extravagance; his sublimity is sometimes rather the fury than the perfection of invention.—However, of the more lofty and decided parts of these works, we may venture to pronounce that the excellence is so uncommon and original, and the defects comparatively so rare and minute, that they must ever distinguish the name of Barry among the British artists. We must not, however, acquit these pieces with praise, even qualified as this is; justice compels us to say, that in the minor, and what we would call the subsidiary parts of these pictures, there is a want of delicacy, of pencil, of grace,—of cultivated and refined taste, and likewise of that indescribable something, which, in painting, as in every other art, is the true inspiration and real mystery of genius. In wanting these requisites, which the pictures of this master are undoubtedly without, they want that power of general delectation and pleasure which

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every beholder discovers, though he may not know to what cause he can impute it.

Without entering into a lengthened criticism, we may say, that the picture presenting a view of the elysian fields, and the angel who is guarding the avenue to Hell, is the best of the collection; the figure of the angel, the attitude, and the expression, are almost beyond what we can expect from any modern genius. This figure is of itself sufficient to preserve the name of Barry to a very late posterity.

We now pass from his works.

The general character of this painter is to be collected from the above remarks. He was a painter who did not want genius, but industry, to make him a master of his art. His strength lay in concealing originality, and with manliness and good sense; but he wanted science and labour to execute as well as he thought; and above all he wanted humility; for he left a lasting complaint impressed on every one of his pictures, that he was too soon satisfied with himself.

He was chiefly famous for a manly coarseness, and a vigour of imagination; but his science was depraved by eccentricity; his imagination was distempered by a rage of invention which produced quaintness rather than novelty. He wanted grace, because he disdained it; he wanted taste because he knew not in what it consisted; because he knew not that it was the case in which genius must be set, and, without which, it lost its powers of general captivation.

But with all that is subtracted from him, so much of solid excellence remains, that we do not hesitate to assert that he is one of those British artists who will live; and that the works of West, Hogarth, and Barry, will flourish in the admiration and increasing praises of posterity, when time shall moulder the canvas and touch with his oblivious hand the names of many, whose genius has been more fortunate, and professional success more conspicuous.

Barry had been employed previous to his death, upon a work which has occupied many years of his life. It is at once metaphysical, mythological, and religious. The subject was the origin of evil, grief, pain, &c. We believe it is finished. Latterly, he remitted his labours upon these pictures, for the sake of making a portrait of Lord Nelson, which we understand is left unfinished.

In respect to the moral character of Barry, it was not amiable. His temper was uncertain, and occasionally brutal; his oddities rendered it unsafe to mix with him, and they were so offensive that they could not be submitted to for the sake of his genius. In his person he was dirty and indifferent; in his deportment, a savage; in his opinions fierce and obstinate;

nate; in his general conduct various—always unpleasing, harsh, and repulsive.

A subscription was collected for him a few months back; and we believe a purchase of an annuity of 100l. per annum, was made from a banker. Sir Robert Peele, out of respect for Barry, offered the best terms; but he did not live to receive the first quarter of his annuity; of course, the generosity of Sir Robert's bargain rewards itself.

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## ANECDOTE *of the late* DUKE *of* NEWCASTLE.

AT the close of an election at Lewes, in 1775, the duke of Newcastle was so pleased with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him. "My dear friend, I love you dearly; you are the best man in the world; I wish to serve you; what can I do for you? what can I do for you?" "May it please your grace, the exciseman of this town is very old; I would beg to succeed him as soon as he shall die." "Aye, that you shall with all my heart; I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, fly to me, my dear friend; be it night or day insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Clermont, come to Lincoln's-inn-fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-inn-fields, come to court; if I am not at court, never rest 'till you find me; not the *sanctum sanctorum*, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear worthy good soul as you are; nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted though the king and I were closeted together."—The voter swallowed every thing with rapture, and scraping down to the ground, retired, to wait in faith for the death of the exciseman. The latter took his leave of this troublesome world in the winter following. The instant the duke's friend was apprised of it, he posted off for London, on the wings of eager expectation, and reached Lincoln's-inn-fields about two o'clock in the morning.

The king of Spain, about this time, had been seized with a disorder which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, he could not survive. Amongst these the duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the first moment of receiving his intelligence he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his catholic majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke could not retire to rest 'till he had given directions to his attendants to send any person to his chamber who should desire admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, "Yes, his grace

has just gone to bed; but we were directed to awake him the moment you came." "Oh, God bless him! I know the duke told me I should always be welcome, by night or by day! pray show me up." The happy voter was scarcely conducted to the door when he rushed into the room, and in the transport of his joy cried out, "my lord, he is dead!" "That is well, my dear friend; I am glad of it with all my soul; when did he die?" "The morning before last, an' please your grace." "What, so lately? Why, my worthy good creature, you must have flown; the lightning itself could not have travelled half so fast as you. Tell me, best of men, how shall I reward you?" "All I ask for in this world is, that your grace will please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him." "You, you blockhead! you king of Spain! what family pretensions can you have? let us look at you." By this time the astonished duke drew back the curtain, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with anger and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest might have been easily forgiven, but to have fed him with a groundless supposition that the king of Spain was dead became a matter of resentment. At length the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a rank more suited to his desires—he made him an exciseman.

## ACCOUNT *of the* ROYAL MEUSE.

AMONG the improvements of modern London, few are more conspicuous than the ranges of stables which now form so frequent an appendage to our streets and squares. Many of these are dignified with an appellation similar to the title of the present article, and Oxford, Portland, Marlborough, or Portman, mews, are familiar to the ears of every passenger; merely because Henry VIII. in consequence of an accidental fire, in 1534, transferred his horses to the place where his ancestors had *mued* their hawks.

*Mewe*, in its original application, signified a kind of cage, where hawks were wintered, or kept when they *mued*, or changed their feathers; whence it was afterwards taken in a more extended sense, and signified a cage of any sort, or even confinement in general.

Long previous to the Norman conquest, hawking was a favorite pastime with the English; our Saxon ancestors perhaps brought it with them from the woods of Germany; and even as late as the reign of Henry III. the best hawks were brought from Norway. In 1250 the stealing hawks from their mews was deemed

worthy

worthy legislative interference (Pat. 34 Hen. III. m. 2); and among the indulgences granted by Edward III. to the duke of Orleans, while prisoner in London, 1362, none were perhaps more valued than the liberty to hunt and hawk at pleasure—(Pat. 35 Edw. III. pl. m. 24).

From the taste of the times, it seems more than probable that every royal palace had a meuse attached to it; although the one at Westminster was the chief. The earliest mention found of it is among the wardrobe accounts of Edward I. in 1299, when a payment occurs of two shillings and fourpence for winter-shoes to Hanekin, the keeper of the mews at Westminster:—

"Hanekins custodi mutarum regis apud Westm' pro calciamentus hiemalibus anni presentis, per compotum factum apud Westm' mense Januar' anno 29, - - - £.0 2s. 4d."

In 1350 Ralph de Maners was made keeper. In 1377 the office was given to Sir Simon Burley, the accomplished favourite of Richard II. (Stowe's Survey, ed. 1755, vol. ii. p. 576); and, seven years afterward, 1384, we find the celebrated Geoffrey Chaucer, appointed, among other offices, to be clerk of the king's works in the palace of Westminster and in the mews at Charing.

Chaucer, it should seem, was always assembling the materials for poetry; and it is perhaps to the office just mentioned that we are indebted for the following little simile in Troilus and Cresside (lib. iii. l. 1798):—

"And whan that he come riding into the town,
Full oft his lady from her window down,
As fresh as faucin comin out of mue,
Ful redy was him godely to salue."

In 1390 Sir Baldwin de Bereford, knt. occurs as master of the royal falcons (Pat. 13 Ric. 2. m. 14); and in 1460 the office of master of the mews and falcons, with a mansion called the mew-house annexed, was granted by a patent from Henry VI. to Richard earl of Salisbury; and Fabian says (P. 7, c. ccxviii.), that a few years after Lord Rivers and his son were taken hence to Northampton and beheaded. Richard III. in the first year of his reign, gave the office to John Grey, of Wiltone. (Harl. MS. 433f. 53b.)

Mr. Pennant (Hist. of Lond. p. 113.) says, that the office of keeper of the king's falcons was by Charles II. granted to his son by Nell Gwynne, Charles duke of St. Alban's, and the heirs male of his body.

Henry VIII. was the first of our monarchs who turned the royal meuse to stables, in consquence of a fire which had destroyed the stabling at Bloomsbury.—(Stowe's Survey, ed. 1755, vol. ii. p. 576.)

Edward VI. rebuilt them in a more convenient form, but left the finishing to his sister and successor. The present structure was erected in 1732; and, from the buildings with which it is surrounded, may be deemed rather a disgrace than an ornament to Charing-cross.

## STRUCTURE *of a* HAIR.

MR. W. Hunter says, that with a view of determining whether the internal structure of a hair more resembles that of a vegetable fibre, or of a thread like that of the silk-worm and spider's, "I have made", said he, "some microscopical observations which, although they did not throw on the subject that light I desired, I shall relate, as it may induce some person more conversant in such observations, and furnished with better glasses, to turn his attention this way. The glass I used was a single lens of Wilson's construction, and my first object was to find its magnifying powers, which I did in the following manner: I took a hair, and rolled it on a quill, so that the several turns touched one another, which point I ascertained exactly, by examining each turn, as I made it, with a good magnifier. I found that twenty-eight of these turns made one-eighth of an inch; consequently the diameter of the hair was the 224th part of an inch. Next I put in the microscope a small portion of the same hair, and having placed a piece of white paper in such a position that I could look on it at the same time that I viewed the object through the lens, I drew on the paper two parallel lines, at a distance from each other equal to the apparent diameter of the hair, as seen through the miscroscope. This distance I found to be one-fourth of an inch. Dividing this number by the 224th of an inch, the real diameter of the hair, I found the microscope magnifies the diameter of an object fifty-six times."

## BON MOT.

AS the prince of Wales's regiment of volunteers, commanded by Miles Peter Andrews, esq. was lately reviewed in St. James's Park, a gentleman asked a bye-stander, which was the colonel? "Oh!" replied the wag, "that officer with the two *epilogues* on his shoulders."

*Answer, in the Words of Dr. Young, to Miles's Charade, inserted January 20.*

YOUTH is not rich in time, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask DEATH-BEDs; they can tell.

*** A similar answer has been received from Polly Pilchard, of Penzance; H. Glasson, of Praze; P. Codd, jun. of Dean Prior; T. Trobridge, of Plymouth; J. T. and T. Coumbe, of St German's.

T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells, has also answered this question, and says this charade was copied, verbatim, from the Ladies Own Memorandum Book for 1798.

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*Answer, by H. Glasson, of Praze, to S. L. Margray's Charade, inserted Jan. 27.*

IF you connect the parts aright,
AIR-PUMP will then appear in sight.

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*A* REBUS, *by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorchester.*

A Liquor, bards, conceals my first,
Which quickly you'll descry;
My second is a colour, Sirs,
Most grateful to the eye:
These parts select, the same transpose,
An horrid crime you'll then disclose.

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*An* ENIGMA, *by W. R. Jun. of Yealmpton.*

BENEATH the fragrant, lonely bower,
Form'd by an all-creating power,
Where purest streams glide soft along,
I'm witness to the murmuring song:
'Tis there my time in peace I spend,
And gladly see the floods descend;
From pride and ostentation free,
Nor can I boast sagacity;
Yet my odd shape I strive to hide,
Where weeds grow thick on every side;
Then I immerse, just at my ease,
And rise again whene'er I please;
With rapid strides I try to explore,
Fountains that I'd not seen before;
And once, when man stretch'd forth his hand,
I hostile came at Heav'n's command.

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*A* CHARADE, *by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge.*

IMPRIMIS, Sirs, I pray produce,
A something that is much in use,
By quality preserving;
Go search the spacious farm around,
A curious beast, my next, is found,
And of your praise deserving.

Devonia boasts my pleasant whole,
A seat of noble fame,
Which you no doubt will soon unfold,
And bring to light its name.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## *On the* DEATH *of a* YOUNG LADY.

WHAT form is that which mounts th' etherial road?
Some spirit loosen'd from the ties of earth,
Gone to seek rest eternal with its God,
To claim the rights of its celestial birth.

'Tis Laura's form! familiar to my eye;
A figure cast in beauty's nicest mould,
Where play'd the brilliant graces* that outvie
Rich India's pearls, or Ophir's burnish'd gold.

That form which, like a casket, erst enclos'd,
Treasures more rare, of lustre more refin'd;
A heart by virtue's happy sway dispos'd;
With truth and wisdom stor'd, a polish'd mind.

Yes, she is gone! methinks, I see her rise,
And, looking down, invites our souls to soar
The same blest height, and seek the lofty prize,
Where her example turn'd our views before;

When contemplation's heav'nly feast employ'd,
With wisdom's sacred lore, her placid hours,
Whilst giddy youth, the mind by trifles cloy'd,
Sooth'd in romantic cells, and fairy bow'rs;

When from th' infectious world we saw her flee,
From vice's sphere, from pleasure's flow'ry mead,
As the pure fibrils of the *mimosæ*,‡ †
By nature taught from foreign taints recede.

Go, happy spirit! to thy haven go!
Seraphs will hail thee to that seat of love!
Leave folly's snares, leave sin's fierce storms below,
To taste tranquillity and bliss above.

Ye virgin bands! whilst, mindful of the dead,
With cypress wreaths ye decorate her tomb:
Think on her life; walk where her pattern led;
And seek, aspiring, her eternal home.

*Falmouth, March* 6, 1806. ALEXIS.

For

* Comprehending that "sanctity of manners," without which perfection of perfonal beauty needs the aid of ornament;—that sweetness of disposition which

"Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness, and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks."

ADDISON.

‡ The sensitive plant.

* If it were objected that the accent which the metre casts on the last syllable of this word is inconsistent with its usual pronunciation, and not compatible with that which the nature of our language requires:—I would answer, without having recourse to the *licentia poeticæ*, by referring to the Latin prosody, where all dipthongs are made long; a pronunciation warranted, I conceive, in this case, by the derivation of the word from that language.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## WINTER.—*A* SONNET.

USHER'D by whistling winds, in dreary state,
Stern winter visits this our sea-girt land,
And frowning scowls along, with rude command,
Wide o'er those scenes that flourish'd fair so late.

From the chill north, with wild, impetuous rage,
Rush the loud tempests, and the whirlwind's blast;
While the dim sky, with lowring clouds o'ercast,
Black'ning to view, tumultuous storms presage.

A gloomy sadness round all objects wear,
Cheerless throughout the short-liv'd, fleeting day:
Yet buoyant hope sheds her reviving ray,
While active fancy paints th' approaching year

Fraught with new joys, and fondly would pourtray
Serener skies, and goodly prospects fair.

*Taunton.* PRIMROSE.

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For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## TO MELANCHOLY.

O Melancholy, soothing, gentle friend!
Daughter of pity and of lonely joy:
Permit a vot'ry at thy shrine to bend,
And in thy train his lonely hours employ.

What tender woe shall in his bosom reign!
How will he mourn the absence of his friend!
How will it charm, how mitigate his pain!
And a kind, temporary rapture lend.

Along some flow'ry dell, O! with him rove,
What time the star of eve is seen alone:
When Philomela seeks the shady grove,
Where tender echoes answer moan for moan.

Then on some fragrant bank, where vi'lets grow,
There with him sit, and breathe the perfum'd air!
There let the eye at pity's tale o'erflow!
There let the heart its generous woe declare!

'Till the soft zephyrs and the list'ning fauns,
Warn'd by the dews, shall to their grots retire:
'Till the dull shades obscure the flow'ry lawns,
And all the busy cares of day expire.

*Sherborne.* B. A.

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## EPIGRAM.

KILL time to-day; and to your sorrow,
He'll stare you in the face to-morrow;
Kill him again, in any way,
He'll plague you still from day to day:
'Till in the end (as is most due),
Whom oft you kill—at last kills you!